Activating Schema (Background Knowledge) and Making Connections

**Learning Goal**: You will remember and understand more about what you read when you activate your schema and make connections to it

**BEFORE READING**

1. Directions: Before you read the poem, *Pupil*, use the graphic organizer below to chart your thinking as you take a look at the title, look at the pictures, and then skim the text:

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| **Before Reading** | | |
| **What I Notice About the Text** | **Activating Schema**  Think about all of your experiences and knowledge (concept, topic, genre, author, text) | **Making Connections** |
| **A few things I notice *before* I read the text are. . .** | **What I already know and bring to the text:** | **What the text is about/What the text reminds me of:** |

**DURING READING**

2. Directions: As you read the poem, Pupil, use the graphic organizer below to chart your thinking:

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **During Reading** | | | |
| Directions: Read the text, annotate your noticings in the margin. | | **Activating Schema**  Think about all of your experiences and knowledge (concept, topic, genre, author, text) | **Making Connections** |
| Pupil  Brianne Carpenter  One time I saw a *National Geographic*  with eyes on the cover. Eyes  the color of honey and pondwater. Eyes  whose mouth’s angle was draped  behind a veil. A whole generation—  that couldn’t find Afghanistan  on a map—knew the country by its eyes.  The journalist won prizes.  The child with no more family  left school, was married, made her own.  One time I saw a movie set in 2506,  half a millennium after 1984, but  the government was still keeping track of everyone  by scanning their retinas because  the fingerprint of your eye never changes  --you always have the same soul,  and that never changes either.  It leaps into your eyes when you are born,  which is why you can recognize yourself  in baby pictures, even though you are bald and have no teeth.  Seventeen years later, *National Geographic*  gathered a search party out of  curiosity, compassion, or because  Afghanistan was important again.  They traveled across oceans and deserts,  through mountains, archives, along the trails  traced by word of mouth  to find eyes.  When they found them, they published an article.  It came with lots of proof and scientific data  because no one could believe that, in seventeen years,  the eyes had found their way  into the worn face of an old woman.  Everyone thought, “She could have been  so beautiful.” They thought,  “She could have had a different life.”  Some wondered who decides what life is best.  Some gave money.  Many forgot.  If someday, in a morning, you see you,  in a mirror or the dent of a spoon, and wonder  Where is my soul and where has it gone, remember this:  Catch the gaze of a woman  on the metro, subway, tram.  Look at a man. Seek and  you will find you in  the slivered space,  a flash between souls. | **My noticings *as* I read the text** | **What I already know and bring to the text:** | **What the text is about/What the text reminds me of:** |